



SUSPIRIA, or SIGHS  
On the DEATH of the  
Late Most Illustrious MONARCH  
CHARLES the II. KING

OF

Great Britain, France and Ireland, &c. who changed his Earthly for a Heavenly Crown, on Friday the 6th. February,  
1685. In the 37th year of his Reign, and 55th of his Age.

C An Great, Illustrious Britains Monarch, Dye,  
Without a Sacrifice of Tears! what Eye,  
Forbears to Drill whole Hecatombs! when we  
Have lost the Atlas of our Monarchy!  
Ah! sharpest Grief put out thy Keenest Stings,  
Bemoan the best of Men, the best of Kings.  
Can an Inrag'd, Distracted Muse forbear,  
To Rail at Death, that must so rudely tear  
Our [ *Pater Patriæ* ] Countries Father, hence!  
Unruly Grief, Rail not at Providence.  
How dar'st thou Murmur at thy Kings Remove?  
The KING of Kings, would have him mount above  
An Earthly Crown, to a more Glorious one, --  
Bright Rays of Majesty, about him Shone,  
When here! -- he now in greater Glory dwells;  
A Glory that allows no Parallels!  
Then spiteful Grief be still, and Envy not  
Thy Prince, the great advancement he has got,  
Ah! Words where are ye! Ah! what must I borrow  
Language from Tears to Represent my Sorrow!  
Drop then ye friendly Streams, till like a Flood,  
[ More Elegant than Words ] be understood,  
Our Universal Grief; to mourn thus, you,  
Berter than Groans, or Elegies, can do.  
Dull stupid Pen, away! give place to Sighs,  
The Fittest Mourners for such Obsequies.  
Presume not then to draw his Character,  
His Royal Name is Blazon'd ev'ry where;  
The Sun in its Orbicular surround  
Scarce lees a Place, but where his Fame does sound.  
Ah! but I will! And tell the World that he  
Was Great, and Good, and full of Clemency,

A Prince of so much Majesty, that none  
Could with more splendid Virtues grace a Throne,  
That lent (not borrow'd) Lustre to his Crown.  
Away, away; thou Blunt-Poetick Art;  
On meaner Subjects, act thy little Part.  
No Rhapsodies of Verse, no Prose can Rise  
To Accents fit for such great Obsequies:  
Oh! Great but Dismal Subject! could my Quill  
In stead of Ink; with other Drops Distill,  
I'de Represent to ev'ry Readers view,  
Lines (not of Sable, but) of Crimson hiew.  
There's nothing of Idolatry in the,  
Right Application of *Apostrophe*!  
Then Great, (now then before more Glorious) Prince  
Since our Supreamest King has call'd thee hence,  
May Heav'n's ore-ruling, Bright, Illustrious Rays,  
Give thy surving Subjects *Halcyon* Days.  
May this August Celebrious Kingdom see,  
No *Inter-Regnum* of that Clemency,  
Which sav'd three Kingdoms from a Fatal Yoke,  
The Dire results of an Intended Stroke!  
Dismiss thy fear, His Royal Brother; who  
Succeeds him in his Throne, and Virtues too,  
Has so Majestick, so Sublime a Soul,  
That what he promis'd, none shall dare Controul.  
Away Suspicion! here's the Royal Word;  
What greater surety can Mankind afford?  
That Publick-Sacred Obligation binds  
The Royal Breast to leave things as he finds,  
The Constitution of our Laws to be,  
*Just to the Subjects; just to Monarchy.*

Edinburgh, Re-printed by the Heir of Andrew Anderson, Prin-  
ter to His most Sacred Majesty, 1685.